

# Dear Poet

## Notes to a Young Writer

A poetic journey through the creative process  
for readers, writers, artists and dreamers

by Charles Ghigna

As I approach my seventh decade on this planet, I wonder what words of wisdom I might have written to the younger me. What treasured tidbits have I learned along the way? What could I leave in a letter to young wide-eyed poets searching the world for advice, guidance, and inspiration? I began as I always do, by closing my eyes and listening to that soft voice that has spoken without fail for the past half century. The voice spoke. I took notes. Here they are. Little poetic pieces I trust will speak to future generations of poets, poets young and old. May they continue to listen. May they continue to speak.

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*"Poetry is not only dream and vision;  
it is the skeleton architecture of our lives.  
It lays the foundations for a future of change,  
a bridge across our fears of what has never been before."*

--Audre Lorde

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## I.

Do not tell  
the world  
your pain.

Show it  
the joy  
of your tears.

## II.

Hang a picture  
of truth  
in your heart.

Let the mirror  
of your eyes  
fill the page.

## III.

A simple  
truth  
is light.

A complex  
lie  
is fire.

## IV.

When in need  
of the poem,  
go write it.

But do not think  
you are  
needed.

There is no  
need  
for the poet.

There is only  
need  
for the poem.

**V.**

Do not write  
another word--  
unless you have to.

**VI.**

No matter  
how many poems  
you write

to keep  
yourself alive,  
you cannot.

**VII.**

Run.  
Yell.  
Spit at the dark.

Curse the moon.  
Throw rocks  
at the stars.

Get it all out.  
Get it all out.  
Get it all out on paper.

**VIII.**

Style is not  
how you  
write.

It is how  
you do not  
write

like  
anyone  
else.

**IX.**

Trust  
your instincts  
to write.

Question  
your reasons  
not to.

**X.**

Inspiration,  
like lightning,  
comes

from the  
darkest  
clouds.

**XI.**

Look in the mirror.  
If you see a stranger,  
write a poem.

If you see  
your father,  
write a poem.

If you see  
yourself,  
put down the pen.

**XII.**

A silent rhyme  
upon the page  
is what the poet gives,

gentle words  
whispered in trust  
to see if memory lives.

### XIII.

The path  
to inspiration starts  
upon a trail unknown.

Each writer's block  
is not a rock.  
It is a stepping stone.

### XIV.

Poems are not penned  
to the page  
waiting for us to admire.

They are only  
lonely thoughts  
caught by tears on fire.

### XV.

Don't plant  
your poem  
on the page  
  
as thought  
you're hanging  
drapes.

Its shape  
and flow  
should come

and grow  
like wild  
summer grapes.

### XVI.

A poet's life  
is paradox,  
it's more than what it seems.

We write  
of our reality,  
the one inside our dreams.

**XVII.**

A poem  
is the echo of a promise,  
the thunder of a sigh,  
  
the music  
of a memory,  
a child asking why.

**XVIII.**

A poem  
is a rising moon  
shining on the sea,  
  
an afterglow  
of all you know,  
of all your dreams set free.

**XIX.**

A poem  
is a spider web  
spun with words of wonder,  
  
woven lace  
held in place  
by whispers made of thunder.

**XX.**

A poem  
is a firefly  
upon the summer wind.  
  
Instead of shining  
where she goes,  
she lights up where she's been.

**XXI.**

It's not the poem  
on the page  
that makes them laugh or cry,  
  
it's how your soul  
touched a heart  
and opened up an eye.

## XXII.

A poem  
is a play  
meant to delight you.

A poem  
is a party  
meant to excite you.

A poem  
is a song  
full of desire.

A poem  
is a sunset  
meant to inspire.

A poem  
is a secret  
shared among friends.

A poem  
is a promise  
that never ends.

## XXIII.

A poem  
is a whisper, a shout,  
thoughts turned inside out.

A poem  
is a laugh, a sigh,  
an echo passing by.

A poem  
is a rhythm, a rhyme,  
a moment caught in time.

A poem  
is a moon, a star,  
a glimpse of who you are.

XXIV.

The answer  
to the poet  
comes quicker than a blink,

though the spark  
of inspiration  
is not what you might think.

The muse  
is full of magic,  
though her vision may be dim,

the poet  
does not choose his muse,  
it is the muse that chooses him.

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